
Title: A Missive to Zachary

Author: Aylwin

There were so many
things I could not say,
face to face with you.

One of those things, I
hate to admit, is that
the visions told me that
Sylvan was born
knowing.
That I should forgive her
for her lifelong fight
against who she is. Who
we were, as a family, for
lack of a better word.
The voice of the dreams
suggested that I try to
imagine being a babe in
the cradle and
understanding that
Oblivion was out there,
yet having no way to
express or understand it.

I was reminded that
what innocence I might
have been born with was
stolen from me, but
possibly not forever. Had
the path of my life
never occurred, I would
not be here now, and
that this is what I should
focus on. In sum, the
voice told me very firmly
to stop worrying over
the past and look to the
future and make the
most of my mortal life.
In essence I was also
reminded that time here
is different than on
Earth and this gives me
chances I would not have
otherwise had.

There is so much more.

But I hear your footfalls

on the stairs. Perhaps I
will be able to continue
another time.

Until then, I remain...

Aylwin